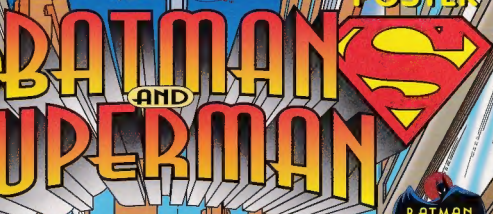


**WITH**



inside

# BATMAN VIDEOS TO BE WON!

37 &gt;

**DAILY PLANET**  
SUPERMAN SAVES  
PLUNGING AIRLINER

Every morning on his way to work in Metropolis, Hank Tibbs liked to buy the morning paper.

READ ALL ABOUT IT! READ ALL ABOUT IT!

THERE YOU GO, SIR! ONE DAILY PLANET.



There was only one type of story Hank was interested in...

LET'S SEE NOW... "MAN OF STEEL SAVES CRASHING JETLINER..."

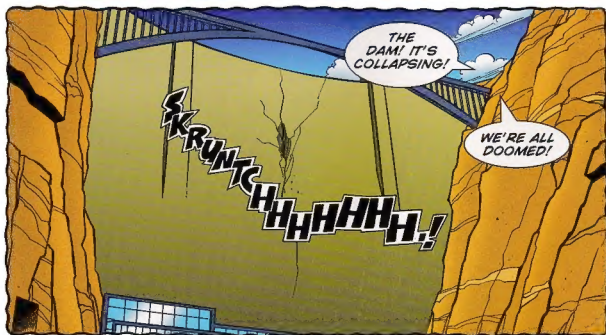
WOW!

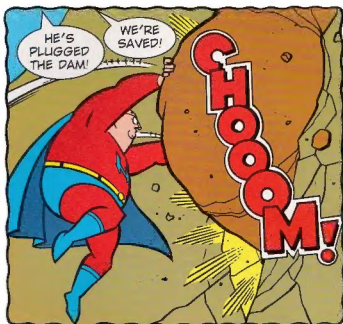


Hank was a huge fan of Superman and he often wished he could be like the Man of Steel so that the rest of the world would...

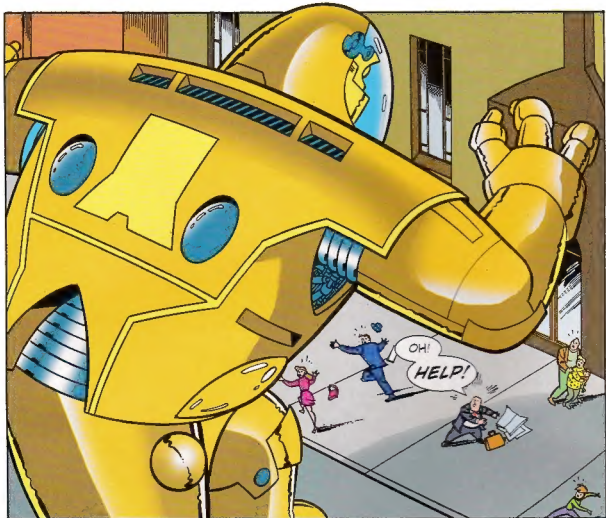
# READ ALL ABOUT IT











Superman clashed with the huge robot. For all its power and size, it was no match for the amazing Man of Steel.



Then Hank heard someone calling from a wrecked car. A mother and her baby were trapped inside



Without thinking, Hank rushed to help them to safety.

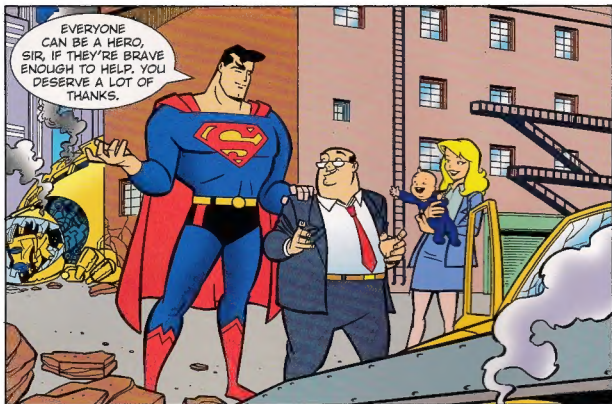


THANK YOU! THANK YOU! YOU'RE A HERO!

OH, NOT ME! A HERO? NO, NO!

BUT SHE'S RIGHT!











Two-Face cannot face...

# ONE GOOD TURN



One night in his cell at Arkham Asylum, Two-Face sat on his bunk scowling at the coin in his hand. One side of the coin was scarred; the other side was clean. He was focused on it, glaring angrily, instead of tossing it in the air as he usually did. When the door to his cell opened and his psychiatrist, Doctor Burns, entered, Two-Face didn't even look up.

"Hello, Harvey," Burns said cheerfully. "It's good to see you again." He was dressed in a white lab coat, and in his hands he held a pad of paper. "How are you today?"

"We're fine, Doc," Two-Face replied angrily.

"I was told that you allowed yourself to be captured." The doctor pulled up a nearby stool and sat

down. "Do you want to talk about it?"

Two-Face's eyes moved from the coin and glared at the doctor. The normal side of Harvey's face was half-turned to the wall, so the disfigured side was more obvious to his visitor. His terrible scars, combined with his annoyed expression, made his appearance truly gruesome. "Not really," he grumbled.

Dr. Burns looked at the coin in Two-Face's hands. "You're not flipping your coin today, Harvey. May I ask why?"

Two-Face was instantly enraged. "It betrayed us!" he cried suddenly and hurled the coin at the wall above the doctor's head. Surprised, Burns ducked and watched nervously as the coin bounced and rolled to a stop between them. The unscarred side of the coin was facing up.

"Betrayed you?" Doctor Burns asked with an anxious quiver in his voice. "How?"

Two-Face groaned and turned away from the doctor, leaning against the wall. He sat silently for a few moments.

"It started two weeks ago during a jewellery heist," he began, then continued his story in a calm, passionless voice.

After escaping from Arkham two weeks earlier, Two-Face had gathered his gang and decided to

hold up the largest jewellery store in Gotham City. As Two-Face and his gang burst into the shop, the customers and staff were terrified.

"Grab all the goods in those jewellery cases," Two-Face demanded. His henchmen smashed the cases open and immediately, alarms began to sound. "Hurry," he urged. "Batman will be here soon."

As Two-Face's thugs cleaned out the cases, he saw a young couple huddled near the back of the store. When Two-Face saw the woman was wearing a sparkling diamond ring, he approached them.

"Give us the ring," he snarled.

"Oh no," pleaded the young woman. "My boyfriend saved for years to get it for me. He just asked me to marry him. Please don't take it away!"

Two-Face growled, flipped his

coin in the air and slapped it down on the back of his hand. He then looked at the couple sourly. The clean side was facing up.

"Keep it," he rasped and turned to the door. He was annoyed. Once in a while the coin did this to him. It was just the luck of the toss.

That evening as he and his gang sorted through the jewellery, Two-Face found a diamond ring—an exact duplicate of the one he had seen on the girl's finger.

"Blast!" He was outraged. "We could have had a *pair*! What were we thinking?"

"I dunno, Boss," said one of his lackeys. The man chuckled. "You depend on the coin so much, I'm surprised we didn't give *everything* back."

The room fell deathly silent and all eyes went to Two-Face. He grabbed





the man by the collar furiously. "Don't ever mock the coin, you hear us?" he hissed.

"I'm s-sorry, Boss!" the henchman stammered.

"You should be," said Two-Face, tossing him into the corner. The man cowered as his boss loomed over him. "Let's see what the coin thinks about returning the loot!"

Two-Face tossed the coin into the air and let it fall to the floor where it spun to a stop. Once again, the clean side was facing up. Two-Face was dumfounded. Twice in a row the coin had turned right side up. That rarely happened.

"Take it all back," he said suddenly.

"What, Boss?" the man on the floor asked in surprise.

"I said take it back!" he commanded. "All of it. Take all of it back to the store!"

"But, Boss!" cried another of his henchmen. "If we take it back, the cops will catch us!"

Two-Face turned to his followers in instant rage. "The coin says to take it back. So *take it back!*"

His henchmen put the loot back into the bags and scrambled out the door and back to the store. In the process, the police caught many of them. But Two-Face didn't care.

The coin had spoken.

In the days that followed, Two-Face tried to pull off several jobs that failed miserably. Again and again the coin turned up unscarred. Reluctantly, he found himself giving money back to the teller during a bank robbery, releasing hostages instead of kidnapping them, and



emptying his pockets for a poor man on the streets.

After two weeks, Two-Face knew the coin's luck *had* to change. So he planned to rob the riverboat casino. But as he and his gang approached the casino in their motorboat, Two-Face realised he wasn't the only one to have that idea.

Another gang of ski-masked thugs was already there, tossing bags of money into a motorboat as one of them started the boat engine.

"Hey, it's Two-Face," one of the riverboat robbers declared. Two-Face recognised his voice to be that of Silver-Thumb McGee, a small-time operator who'd taken over a great deal of Two-Face's territory while he was in Arkham. "I'm afraid you're a little late," McGee said. "But if you

help us get away, we'll split the loot down the middle. That's right up your alley, isn't it?"

This was Two-Face's kind of deal. Looking at the coin, he considered McGee's offer. In the distance, he could hear the sirens of the approaching police boats. Deciding to give the coin another chance, he tossed it into the air and caught it in his hand.

After looking at the coin, Two-Face's eyes squinted closed. He didn't like it, but he knew what he had to do. He hopped into the other criminal's boat.

"Ahh," said McGee. "Terrific. Here, take this bag—" Before he could finish, Two-Face swung the heavy bag of money at the thug and knocked him into the river.

"Hey!" shouted the henchmen at the boat wheel. "You can't —" Two-Face spun around with the bag and knocked him in the water as well.

"We're making a citizen's arrest!" Two-Face called out to the other criminals on the riverboat. He ordered his own thugs to subdue McGee's gangsters and jumped on the riverboat himself to challenge them, overpowering one after another and tossing them into the water.

Just then, he heard someone drop onto the deck behind him, and he turned to see Batman.

"It's over, Harvey," said the Dark Knight.

Two-Face didn't argue. He held out his hands for the cuffs and eyed the coin in his fingertips. "Take us in, please" he rasped in defeat. "Before it ruins things again!"

Dr. Burns finished writing his notes and stood to leave. "Don't worry, Harvey," he said. "The coin will turn up scarred eventually. According to the law of averages, it must. But maybe it's best that you give up the coin and make your own decisions."

Two-Face only grunted.

After the doctor left, Two-Face reached down and took the coin from the floor. He tossed it into the air and let it fall back to the concrete. After spinning for several seconds, it finally fell still.

It was scarred.

And Two-Face smiled.



THE END